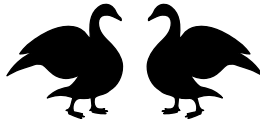


MICROSTORIES



I thought that the intimidating interviewer across the table from me was sitting down until he walked away.

Only after his marriage did he accept the hypothesis of Hell.

Even the happiest love story in the world ends in death.

Solicitous toward those above him while arrogant to those beneath him, he could never successfully establish a sustained relationship with an equal.

Do you have change for a nickel?

He wanted to go to heaven but didn't want to die.

Of the forty-nine marriage proposals offered me in the mail, each accompanied by a photograph, I accepted forty-seven.

He says he married me in a ceremony I seem to have forgotten.

Though eighteen years had passed since I became acquainted with my bathroom mirror, I could tell by looking at it every morning that I aged not at all.

I've been accused of three failings—burglary, sodomy, forgery, and an

inability to count.

He called himself Mr. Sex even though there was little that few of either sex would think sexy about him.

Someone is sneering at me every time I look in the mirror.

Diving into the lake, he slid along the ice.

You can do anything you want with me except touch my box of tools.

My first session with the new psychiatrist was devoted to his extracting that I felt comfortable only with women who were likewise descended from a royal family.

People who talk mostly to themselves sometimes continue their monologue in public.

Placing a “husband wanted” ad in the personals, she got dozens of replies from women offering theirs.